

June 17, 1961

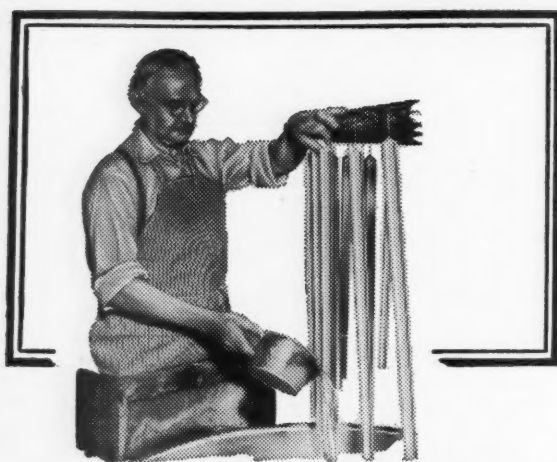
America

GOD BLESS
AMERICA!

BY GEORGE H. DUNNE



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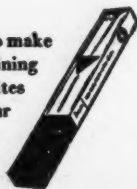
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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. 105 No. 12 June 17, 1961 Whole Number 2714

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Correspondence

Untapped Reservoir

EDITOR: The issues on the laity (5/6) and on secular institutes (5/20) have provided an excellent analysis of the vocation of the layman in the Church of the 20th century. Happily, the dialectic concerning the role of the layman in the present day is reflected in such thoughtful articles as you have published. Unhappily, this literature sometimes finds its way to the racks at the door of the church, but most often is not carried to the sacristy or the rectory.

Those who most need to read such literature are so involved in administrative, temporal matters that they have no time to learn what could easily be the solution for relief from such details. Pastors trained during the Twenties and Thirties are simply unaware of the enormous increase of college and university trained people in today's Catholic community. Hence this vast reservoir of skill and competence among lay people is often left untapped, and there seems to be no conscious direction on the clergy's side to take advantage of its availability.

CHARLES O. GALVIN

School of Law
Southern Methodist University
Dallas, Tex.

Anxious

EDITOR: Is it true that the "Philomena" affair is the first of a series? I understand the devotees of St. Patrick are trembling in anticipation.

ROBERT J. BLAKE

Chicago, Ill.

Eggheads Fried

EDITOR: In "Correspondence" (5/27) I read a thoughtful, sincere and somewhat indignant letter. I eagerly turned to "See our Comment, p. 359" and found that, after summarily dismissing it as one of a number of "emotion-charged letters," AMERICA then recounted its rather objective, quite emotion-free and quite negative appraisal of the Mindszenty Clubs.

It occurred to me that a purely intellectual approach to such a problem might be just as harmful in its own way as a completely emotional one. Certainly, if intended as the "help and guidance" requested in Mr. Norton's letter, AMERICA's answer seemed inadequate to me.

Since emotions as well as intellect are no doubt here to stay, cannot some kind of

working arrangement be effected between them? Especially by AMERICA, whose consistently intellectual emphasis and neglect of other human qualities often leaves me cold.

Must truth be so terribly remote from real life?

GRACE MCGLYNN

Philadelphia, Pa.

Anti-Communists Roasted

EDITOR: I do not speak for AMERICA, but in answer to Aloysius A. Norton's correspondence (5/27), I can't name one "anti-Communist" organization of which I approve, and I think that the concept of organized anticommunism, as negative in principle as it has shown itself to be, has no place in America.

As J. Edgar Hoover says, "The job of curtailing and containing communism is one for legally constituted authorities. . . ." This is especially true today, when so many "homemade" definitions of communism

have been used by amateurs to discredit Nato, foreign aid, organized labor, social security and desegregation efforts.

No less than a half-dozen national Catholic publications, including AMERICA, and scores of diocesan publications have carried articles in recent weeks, listing numerous social action organizations, both Catholic and secular, whose programs are the most effective means of meeting the Communist challenge to freedom, although not one of them defines itself as simply "anti-Communist."

Chief Inspector William C. Sullivan of the FBI, at a conference on communism sponsored by the Adult Education Centers and the Catholic Council on Working Life, Chicago, May 13, said: "We must place greater positive emphasis on eliminating the political, social and economic ill—political instability, economic unrest, religious and racial discrimination, educational deficiencies . . . which weaken the social fabric and make a community more susceptible to communism."

What "anti-Communist" organization stresses this kind of program?

VAILE SCOTT

Associate Director

Adult Education Centers

Chicago, Ill.

Edwin O'Connor
delighted millions
with his memorable best seller
THE LAST HURRAH

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

He now offers a new and unforgettable reading experience

THE EDGE OF SADNESS

A book destined to become one of the most important
and widely read novels of our time

AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOK \$5.00 LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston



Current Comment

JFK in the Old World

Despite a dearth of hard news that made reporter Randolph Churchill crash his way out of a Vienna news conference, shouting that he was "bored," the European doings of early June provided a great and gaudy week for the world's newspapers.

The President's stopover in Paris was, at least on the surface, a genuine success. "Student Kennedy has passed his Paris examinations brilliantly." So exclaimed the dignified Parisian daily, *Le Monde*. But the handsome young President's high grades were for diplomacy, not classical philology: at a civic reception Mr. Kennedy's rendition of Julius Caesar's first line of the *Gallie Wars* as "Omnes Gallia est divida tres partes" demonstrated Harvard's wisdom in doing away with the use of Latin on diplomas.

After Paris came Vienna and London: all the pageantry of the Old World as background to fateful face-to-face conversations; bland and toothless communiqués masking harsh exchanges. The week's press coverage was strong on photos, light on real news.

As for the K-K confrontation, we learned little at the time except that Mr. Kennedy "talked tough" and that Premier Khrushchev kept his shoes on. But the Russian was tough, too. In fact, he was so "tough and rigid"—in the words of a reliable reporter—as to "astonish" the President of the United States.

In some respects, the big news of the week was made in London. We discuss these less-publicized developments in an editorial on p. 439.

Holy Russia and Church Unity

When the third congress of the World Council of Churches meets at New Delhi at the end of November, it will most likely approve the membership application of the Patriarchate of Moscow. Will the WCC live to regret its decision? On this fateful issue, opinions are divided. The new member could turn out to be a disrupting influence and

drag the ecumenical body into what it has earnestly sought to avoid: involvement in Cold War politics. On the other hand, the emergence of Orthodox Russia from its long isolation could vastly benefit not only church unity but embattled religion in Russia itself.

Only the naive can fail to link the move to current Kremlin politics. For one thing, the council offers an excellent forum for the customary Soviet "peace" propaganda. It is not impossible, too, that the Communist leaders find it necessary by this means to safeguard Moscow's ancient political influence in the Orthodox Middle East.

Few ecumenical observers question the sincerity of the 83-year-old Patriarch Alexis. It will be particularly interesting and illuminating to discover whether, upon entering the irenic atmosphere of the World Council of Churches, the Russian Orthodox moderate their traditional rather sharp hostility to the Pope. Catholic observers, for their part, are inclined to view the new move with optimism. This positive attitude in Rome is particularly evident in statements of leading personalities of the Vatican Council's Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, such as Cardinal Bea and Msgr. Jan G. M. Willebrands. The stakes are worth the risks.

The Abbé Youlou

The worst pre-election fears about a breach of the "wall" of Church-State separation have at last been realized. Here it is, not five months since Inauguration Day, and the Catholic clergy has already succeeded in infiltrating the White House. On June 8, President Kennedy played host at a luncheon where U.S. policy in Africa undoubtedly came under the close scrutiny of a visiting ecclesiastic. The guest was the Abbé Fulbert Youlou, who also happens to be President of the Republic of the Congo, former French colony on the West coast of Africa.

To set the minds of the apprehensive at rest, and to satisfy the likely curiosity of American Catholics, this is the

record on the Abbé Youlou. His political activity has neither the backing nor the approval of the Church. The priest has been under ecclesiastical suspension since 1956, when, despite the prohibition of his bishop, he first ran for public office.

Moreover, he has never taken pains to dissociate himself from the propaganda of a bizarre religious sect which seems to have considerable political influence in the Congo. The sect propagates the cult of a certain André Matswa, a visionary who died 14 years ago. Matswa's disciples seek to present him as a new incarnation of Christ. Such is the credulity of many Congolese that 35 per cent of the ballots in the 1956 elections were marked with the name of Matswa.

We welcome the Abbé Youlou as a visiting head of state. Insofar as he is also a churchman, our reactions to his visit are, at best, neutral.

For Justice in Angola

A few months ago our UN delegation confounded the experts when it sided with the Soviet Union against Portugal on a colonial issue. Since then, a great debate on the once-esoteric subject of Portuguese Angola has been raging like a mighty fire.

Taking issue with the anticolonialists, a well-known Catholic journalist recently announced in his syndicated column that there is no evidence of "nationalist feeling" in the Portuguese colony. The violence there, he insisted, is due solely to outside forces "determined to bring down the structure of Portuguese order in Africa." Our UN vote, calling for an investigation of Angola, was therefore an unwarranted snub of a loyal Nato ally.

We agree with the columnist that a great deal of "nonsense" is being said and written about Angola. It is an oversimplified view, however, which maintains there are no stirrings at all inside the colony. How else explain a recent pastoral of the Angolan Catholic hierarchy? Calling for social justice, the bishops pointed out:

Disillusioned people fighting against privation are a prey to despair and more apt to be carried away by dangerous ideologies and promises which cannot be fulfilled. Poverty is a bad counselor and a

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threat to tranquillity and peace.
The solution of certain problems
can be found only through united
and adequate legislation.

Significantly, a recent open letter
"To the President and People of Portu-
gal," signed by 80 U.S. Protestant and
Catholic clergymen and laymen, has
stressed this protest of the bishops.

At this stage of Angolan develop-
ment, no one in his right mind would
advocate the abrupt withdrawal of
Portugal from the colony. The collapse
of Portuguese rule would create more
problems than it would solve. But that
is no reason to refrain from criticism of
flagrant injustices that can and should
be righted.

Mother's AC Heartbeat

It's just the size of a small table
radio, and retails for \$29.95 in the
infants' department of your favorite
store. Just the thing for the baby who
has everything—including a moonlight-
ing mother.

We wouldn't believe such a thing
existed as the "Securitone" heartbeat
comforter, invented by Dr. Lee Salk, if
we didn't have the ad right here on our
desk. This is what it says:

"Securitone" heartbeat comforter
is the sound of security while
Mother is away! Hospital tests have
shown that babies who hear this
familiar heartbeat sound, so like
the one they've known from em-
bryo stage, cry less, sleep better,
gain more weight.

All Mother has to do on her way out is
"place the Sonotone 'Securitone' near
baby's bed, plug it into any AC outlet
and tiptoe off, because baby's probably
asleep already!"

Much more satisfactory than the
human heart, eh? Hearts of mere flesh
and blood occasionally skip a beat. But
what does baby do in case of a power
failure? Perhaps he just pulls a plastic
bag over his tousled little head and
waits until Mother comes home.

Money Talks on Race

One would like to hope that when
white Americans finally cease discrimi-
nating against the Negro, they will be
moved primarily by religious conviction,
or at least by a decent regard for civil
rights.

It comes, therefore, as a deep disap-
pointment to read that more mundane
considerations are likely to be the big
factor in the Negro's full incorporation
in our society. Speaking to a New York
Times reporter a couple of weeks ago in
strife-torn Montgomery, an anonymous
Protestant minister (white) said suc-
cinctly: "In the end the almighty dollar
will determine the outcome." Perhaps
the clergyman had in mind the sit-in
demonstrations at lunch counters, which
surely owed some of their success to
economic pressure. Or perhaps he was
referring to the reaction of Montgom-
ery's business leaders who, fearful lest
potential investors be scared off, public-
ly deplored the attack by the white
hoodlums on the Freedom Riders.

Or, again, maybe the minister was
thinking of the Lockheed Aircraft Corp.
and its precious billion-dollar contract
with the Federal Government. To save
that contract, Lockheed was obliged
last month to adopt—under pressure
from the President's Committee on
Equal Employment Opportunity—a
"Plan for Progress" designed to end job
discrimination. Not only will there be
complete integration at the big Lock-
heed plant in Marietta, Ga., but in all
the corporation's other divisions as well.

Sometimes, alas, money does talk
more loudly and persuasively than "the
small voice within."

Reportorial Feedback

In this age of instantaneous report-
ing, news media not only report events.
Inevitably they shape the course of
events and thus help make the very
news they record.

The newsman is in somewhat the
same relation to news as the nuclear
scientist is to the inside of an atom.
The scientist cannot observe the elec-
tron "as it really is," because the in-
struments required for observation
disturb either the velocity or the posi-
tion of the electron. All that the scien-
tist can observe, therefore, is the
electron *as it is affected by his instru-
ments*. And the news media tell us the
course of events as affected by the
presence of the microphone, the TV
camera and the reporter's eye.

These considerations were undoubt-
edly in the mind of Atlanta's Superin-
tendent of Schools, John W. Letson,
when he made a recent announcement.

Atlanta's public schools will desegre-
gate their eleventh and twelfth grades
next fall. But, said Mr. Letson, news-
paper, radio and television men will be
barred from the school buildings and
grounds.

There was, unfortunately, good rea-
son for Mr. Letson's decision. A TV
camera can report a riot at an inte-
grated school. But is it the same riot
that would have taken place if the TV
camera had not been there? If the
people of the city did not "read all
about it" in their evening newspapers,
would an even bigger crowd congre-
gate the following day for an even
bigger riot?

This "feedback" of the news media
upon the events which they report is a
significant feature of contemporary
history. Editors and publishers must
take it into account in deciding what
constitutes the responsibility of the
press today.

Aid the Handicapped

Among our most courageous citizens
are those who work to make themselves
useful to the community though bur-
dened with physical disability. They ask
for no favors but only a chance to show
what they can do. Many of them are
extremely competent persons for whom
the road to advancement is virtually
closed because of an affliction quite
unrelated to their essential capacity to
produce.

The handicapped are the last to in-
dulge in self-pity. That is why their
appeal for some tax relief strikes us as
meriting special consideration. Our at-
tention has been drawn to the Keogh
Bill (H.R. 424), now pending in the
House, which is aimed at eliminating
glaring inequities in the Federal tax law
in regard to the orthopedic handicapped
and disabled veterans. Under existing
tax regulations, for instance, persons
unable to use public transportation have
been denied deductions for expenses
such as cars with special controls or
taxis.

As Maurice Ward, president of the
Joint Handicapped Council, says,

Businessmen and professionals
are allowed deductions for trans-
portation, including taxicabs, etc.,
whereas the orthopedic handi-
capped, who must use special
means of transportation to get to

and from work in order to become productive and tax-paying citizens, have been denied such deductions.

There are other extraordinary expenses incurred by the disabled, in the matter of clothes and housing. Congress could well give sympathetic attention to a situation affecting two million deserving Americans.

A TV Milestone

Three groups share warm congratulations for a TV "first." On the four Sundays of June the "Look Up and Live" program carries a dance-dramatization of the 500-year-old Coventry Mystery Plays, a cyclical portrayal of the Christian drama from the Creation to the Last Judgment. The co-operating groups are the Marquette University Players, the National Council of Catholic Men and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The television version of these dramatic classics, too long unknown or at least unseen by those (and especially Catholics) interested in the Christian roots of the drama, is entirely the work of the Marquette Players, under the direction of Fr. John Walsh, S.J. The choreography is especially brilliant, but the whole production—the costuming, the lighting, the excellence of the diction, and the sublime conception of some of the scenes—is a superb tribute to the imagination of the Players' direction and to the daring of the NCCM and CBS to be different. What has been called TV's "wasteland" is indeed refreshed by such rare oases.

"Look Up and Live" is in most areas a Sunday-morning program; in some sections of the country it is seen later in the day or week. Look for it, and if you agree with our enthusiasm, write to Television Department, NCCM, 50 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and say so.

Bland Religion

Is the trend toward bland foods and bland convictions finding an ally in the growth of a bland religious sensitivity? Are Christians, whether in pulpit or pew, approaching revelation with a shopper's mentality, choosing only what is innocuously comfortable and shying away from the less than pleasant? New York University's Dr. Lee A. Belford, chairman of the Department of Reli-

gious Education, detects the burgeoning of a too-bland rapport between minister and congregation.

Handling God's word as though it were merely a dictionary of isolated nostrums for soothing troubled minds, rather than a single organic plan of salvation, can only result in distorting the truth that brings salvation. Today we talk a lot about the comforts of religion and little about its discomforts. There is considerable emphasis on God's love and mercy without the counterbalance of stress on His wrath and justice. Where the bland lead the bland there can be no genuine commitment to divine revelation. Too often, by some smooth side-stepping motion, we duck the distasteful obligation of taking an uncompromising stand on race prejudice, to name but one area where shiftiness, public as well as private, can mar Christian conduct.

A Christianity that submerges itself in an emotional sense of satisfaction and rejects the stern demands of continual sacrifice is a chimera. Yes, of course, we find hope and love and peace in the Gospels, but often we also discover prolonged and bitter conflict. The paradox of Christianity is that the two not only can but must coexist.

A Dangerous Animal

Some weeks ago the *Catholic Universe Bulletin* ran a reader's letter about an odd "exhibit" in Cleveland's Museum of Natural History.

The museum exhibit features a large mirror in the mammalian section. After looking in the glass and observing the current model of *homo sapiens*, the visitor reads the placard below it:

You are looking at the most numerous large mammal on earth—a dangerous animal—whose misuse of the world's resources and uncontrolled population growth is [sic] a threat to all living things.

This caption lays no flattering unction to the soul. No wonder that Sir Julian Huxley, bellwether of the demographic prophets of doom, was reported to have seen the exhibit and cried: "Marvelous, you must give me a copy of that." It fits in with his cheery thesis that man is becoming a cancerous growth on earth's fair bosom.

Such a tendentious placard hardly befits the scientific objectivity of a mu-

seum exhibit. It reads too much like a bit of propaganda for the antifertility apostolate. It looks like a call to join the crusade that regards man as a sort of ecological contamination. And what kind of conditioning does it encourage in children who swarm into the museum, notebook in hand, to find out what "science teaches" about man and his place in nature?

Is Cleveland's museum the only center of learning where such an instance of special pleading is found? What about your home town? Maybe you know of a hall of mammals where, in the prestigious name of science, man is given the brush-off as an infectious mass of cosmic garbage.

Jobs for Youth

In a very perceptive article published a decade ago in *Thought* (and reprinted in the May, 1951, issue of the *Catholic Mind*) Fordham's Prof. Friedrich Baerwald observed that even during the full-employment years after the war "the labor market showed increasing resistance to the absorption of the annual crop of graduates." That resistance has now reached the point where the incapacity of the economy to absorb young job-seekers has become an urgent national problem.

In the 1960 annual report of the Carnegie Corporation, Pres. John W. Gardner estimated that of the 1.9 million high school graduates this year about 880,000 would not go on to college. Most of these youngsters will shortly join the 900,000 boys and girls who dropped out of school before graduation in looking for their first full-time jobs. A large percentage of them will look in vain, since a combination of high unemployment and rapid technological change makes the outlook for jobs even bleaker than it was last year.

Although some excellent experiments are under way on the State and local level, the problem is so big and explosive that Congress will probably vote funds for a Youth Conservation Corps, as President Kennedy has recommended. Meantime it would help a great deal if employers—and unions, too, where they are involved—would moderate their opposition to hiring teen-agers. The widely prevalent notion that school drop-outs are generally juvenile delinquents just isn't true.

Communists Busy in British Unions

LONDON—There was an atmosphere of self-congratulation among the 600 comrade delegates who attended the 27th National Congress of the British Communist Party some weeks ago in London. General Secretary John Gollan had good reason to be satisfied. In the previous seven weeks 1,229 people had joined the party, while the fortunes of the Young Communist League and the *Daily Worker* were also looking up. Today there are about 29,000 card-holding members of the CP in Britain—an increase of 3,500 during the past two years, but still 5,000 less than before the Hungarian uprising.

Why this minor revival of the CP in Britain? Various reasons can be given. Now that the Socialist aim of a welfare state has been more or less achieved, some Labor supporters may have asked themselves: "What next?"—and moved further leftward. Again, the internal squabbles in the disunited Labor Party may have driven a number of its members into the Communist camps, which does at least offer strong leadership and a semblance of unity.

Communism can still offer itself as a positive way of life, and this is perhaps how the CP can most effectively commend itself to idealists and especially youngsters. "Young people are looking for leadership and a cause in which to believe," said William Lauchlan, the recruitment officer of the CP. Douglas Hyde wrote a few months ago:

Students and young intellectuals are repelled by the smugness, apathy, false values and materialism of our times. They want something better to aim at than just keeping up with the Joneses. . . . They are looking for a sense of purpose.

When militant Communist Lauchlan and militant anti-Communist Hyde start agreeing in this way, we can get a good idea of why the CP is proving attractive to quite a few youngsters.

Despite the fanfares at the congress, the fact remains that the CP's representation in Parliament is nil. In the 1945 elections which swept Labor into office, the official Communist candidates polled over 100,000 votes; in the election two years ago, they could scrape together only 30,000 votes. When we recall that the total Conservative vote in 1959 was in the neighborhood of 14 million, there seems little prospect of the Mother of Parliaments being dominated by the CP in the near future.

Nobody realizes this more keenly than CP

MICHAEL COOPER, S.J., is a student of theology at Heythrop College in England.

officials themselves, and some speeches made during the recent congress showed that they hoped to gain influence in Parliament by indirect means. The magic way to Westminster is to be through the labor unions, where Communist influence is already fairly strong. If the CP has been dismally unsuccessful in parliamentary elections, the same cannot be said of its infiltration in the labor world.

The over-all plan is simplicity itself. The unions enjoy immense power in the Labor party and can cast enormous block votes at the party's annual congress. If the Communists could take over some of the larger unions, they would be in a good position to dominate the congress, oust moderate Hugh Gaitskell as party leader and mold Labor's official policy according to their own ideas.

THE COMMUNISTS would dearly like to win control of the 1-million-strong Amalgamated Engineering Union, the second biggest union in this country. The AEU has an executive board made up of seven officials, one of whom is a Communist (a founder member of the CP, incidentally), while another is a sympathizer. Constant sniping from the left recently stung AEU President William Carron into threatening legal action against detractors in his own union—a course alien indeed to traditional union solidarity. President Carron, a staunch Catholic, said:

Rightly or wrongly, I am credited with being the figurehead in anti-Communist activity in this union and . . . I most certainly expect to be attacked as and when opportunity presents itself. Lies and deliberate falsification, however, I do not expect. . . . I give warning that I am no longer prepared to tolerate willful and deliberate misrepresentation from any source.

But the Communists are not getting it all their own way. Many moderate unionists are doing fine work in opposing their efforts to win greater influence in the labor world. In the past few weeks three large unions—including the AEU—have decided to switch their allegiance to Hugh Gaitskell's policy calling for multilateral, rather than unilateral disarmament and support for Nato, and will use their large block vote (totaling over 1.3 million votes) in support of Gaitskell in the Labor Party congress this fall. The reversal of policy of these three unions has done no good to the Communist cause in the union world; but moderate unionists still have a long way to go before they completely eliminate Communist influence.

MICHAEL COOPER

Washington Front

BOOST FOR CIVIL DEFENSE

THIS TOWN has never squarely faced the problem of civil defense against nuclear attack; and that goes for the nation as a whole. Our public attitudes have been marked by apathy, skepticism and a dearth of realism. Toying with the thought of a big rocket assault, the unrealistic reaction has sometimes been: "It can't happen here." The pessimist takes the line: "It's bigger than all of us. We'd just go up in a puff of smoke." And then there are the optimists who want to fend off doomsday by moving the whole population and economy underground at the cost of a trillion dollars or so.

It is to the credit of President Kennedy that, in his second State of the Union Address on May 25, he began to move in the direction of a consistent policy on civil defense.

After noting that civil defense is neither cheap nor foolproof, the President observed that it cannot deter nuclear attack. The only thing that can deter such an attack is a retaliatory power so great that the enemy could not evoke it without underwriting his own suicide. Given such a power, civil defense is not needed; lacking it, civil defense is not an adequate substitute.

This is a debatable thesis, and we do not intend to debate it. It involves the old argument about what constitutes a deterrent, whereas the worried citizen wants the answer to the question: "What about little ol' me, if the deterrent doesn't deter?" And this is the question the President particularly took up as he went on. For

whatever the merits of the deterrent concept, it "assumes rational calculations by rational men." But the history of this agitated planet shows abundantly that the best plans for effective deterrents "gang aft agley." If war comes tomorrow, it is more likely to come by irrationality, accident or miscalculation than by design: even the most carefully planned limited conflict runs grave risk of "escalating" into a nuclear holocaust. There just isn't any sense in neglecting civil defense on the ground that a deterrent, by definition, ought to deter.

It is on this basis, as Mr. Kennedy observed, that "civil defense can be readily justified as insurance for the civilian population." We would never forgive ourselves if we didn't carry a reasonable amount of it against a possible emergency. We need it just as we need an umbrella on a sultry summer day and in the face of a forecast of "possible showers."

The President therefore proposed that the nation act on the known validity of the "life insurance" concept. He said he will soon transmit to Congress requests for a much strengthened Federal-State civil defense program. Costs may triple in fiscal 1962 and the budgetary requests "will increase sharply in subsequent years." Nobody gets a decent insurance policy without paying a handsome premium.

This is going to be an expensive Administration. Mr. Kennedy is going to have the citizens shaking the old money tree like crazy. But he observed that these same citizens can have a fairly good civil defense program for a fraction of what it would take to land a few astronauts on some lunar field. Only a few of us can ever enjoy that distinction, but most of us would settle for a fair chance to be on the survival list after the bombs have done their job.

L. C. SMITH

On All Horizons

AIRBORNE TV • A two-week workshop in Educational Television stressing the Midwest Program on Airborne TV opens June 26 at De Paul Univ. Undergraduate or graduate credit. Write: Urban H. Fleege, Ph.D., De Paul Univ., Chicago 4, Ill.

PLAYERS INC. • On July 2, "Say, Darling" will open the six-play summer season at St. Michael's Playhouse, Winooski Park, Vt., the famous Players Inc. of Catholic Univ. providing the talent.

INTERRACIAL ACTION • Interesting summer opportunities are being offered at Friendship House, Chicago:

two study weekends (beginning July 14 and Aug. 18) and informal training weeks before and after these weekends. Laity, religious and clergy invited. Write: Betty Plank, 4233 S. Indiana Ave., Chicago 53, Ill.

SISTERS • "Training for Leadership in Religious Communities" will be the theme of the Sisters' Conference on Spirituality, Aug. 9-12, at the Univ. of Portland. Accommodations for 350. For details, address Rev. Ronald G. Simonitsch, C.S.C., Box 43, Univ. of Portland, Portland 3, Ore.

R.I.P. • Louis de Wohl, noted author, many of whose historical novels dealt

with the saints, died in Lucerne, Switzerland, on June 3, at the age of 58. Four of his fictionalized lives of the saints had been selections of the Catholic Book Club and proved to be among the most popular of the Club's offerings.

SOCIAL ACTION • A School of Social Action for Priests and Seminarians will be held at St. Francis Xavier Univ. of Antigonish, Aug. 18-26. Those interested contact Rev. George Topshee, St. Francis Xavier Univ., Antigonish, N. S., Canada.

EXCHANGE • At the Sophia Univ. Summer School in Japan, July 7 to Aug. 27, Rev. James Berna, S.J., Ph. D., on leave of absence from Loyola School, Jamshedpur, India, will lecture on "The Economics of Underdeveloped Countries."

W.H.Q.

Editorials

Vienna Forecast: Stormy

PRESIDENT KENNEDY's first taste of Soviet summitry put him in contact with Premier Khrushchev for some twelve hours. The experience was not comforting; but neither was it traumatic. The outcome of the confrontation was just about what was to be expected from two powerful leaders who met, not to make agreements, but to explore differences and size each other up.

To be sure, the meeting in Vienna resulted in an exceedingly brief communiqué. But it literally communicated nothing of genuine value. Neither was there any enlightenment in the joint U.S.-Soviet news conference that followed the communiqué. It was plain that press secretary Pierre Salinger and his Soviet counterpart were under strict orders not to go beyond the vague generalities of the communiqué.

What then was the upshot of the Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation? Basing our stand on the prompt television report that the President somberly gave the nation on his return home, as well as on the inspired press leaks that always follow big conferences, we believe this assessment is justifiable:

- The two opponents found the talks "useful." It would be extravagant to say they were fruitful. No agreements were expected and none were made, beyond the obvious merely verbal call for a neutral and independent Laos, and an "effective cease-fire" during the current negotiations in Geneva.

- There are no grounds for expecting a thaw in the Cold War. There is no sound reason for anticipating satisfactory solutions of any issue in that war. On all points that came up for discussion, Khrushchev showed himself unyielding.

- The Soviet stand on Berlin is unchanged. It is very likely that the USSR will undertake to solve this question unilaterally before the end of the year. Our best hope is that Khrushchev will not exacerbate this most dangerous of all issues before his party Congress begins in October.

- On most other major issues that the two leaders examined, any possible hope for progress is jeopardized by the new Soviet principle of tripartite administration of all international organizations and their activities. Apparently, Mr. Khrushchev made it plain to the President that Russia will not relax its demand for a built-in veto over any negotiations that involve Soviet interests. Intransigence on this one principle alone means that we can expect no realistic Soviet bargaining on the atomic test-ban or on disarmament. It also means that any progress on the Laotian affair in Geneva will be illusory and shortlived.

It is understandable, then, why President Kennedy returned home with the sober conviction that we must strengthen our own defenses and work toward strength-

ening those of our allies. There is stormy weather ahead for a long while to come; the West had better start battening down the hatches, and it had better start doing so quickly.

Mr. Khrushchev went home on a happy note. He felt these talks were "a good beginning." Perhaps, then, the tunesmiths in the Kremlin will take that note and elaborate it into a catchy song called "The Spirit of Vienna." This is a standard technique. The Soviets pretend agreement or understanding where there has been none. Then, after the situation deteriorates again, they are in a position to blame the West for worsened relations and heightened tensions. This is what happened after the Camp David talks of 1959. It is likely to be the same again, as the USSR tries to capitalize on whatever took place in Vienna.

"We Band of Brothers"

ON HIS WAY BACK to Washington, the President stopped over in London. As John Fitzgerald Kennedy, he thrilled the Irish enclave there. As a Catholic, he wrote a golden page in the history of the ancient and original Church of England by standing as godfather, in Westminster Cathedral (not Abbey), for his infant niece. The Kennedys dined with the Queen. The President conferred at length with Mr. Macmillan. Cockney voices were raised in the streets of London-town, shouting: "You're all right, Jack!" And, in a last but not least momentous episode, aged Bertrand Russell sent the President a very significant letter during the short visit to London.

Lord Russell is president of the Committee of 100, a group that protests the presence in British waters of U.S. Polaris-equipped submarines. The letter from Lord Russell to President Kennedy read in part: "A rapidly growing body of opinion in this country believes that Britain could be more effective in preventing a nuclear war as a neutral. . . ."

His philosophical Lordship is not exaggerating. Such a well-formed body of public opinion does exist in England, and it is fair to say that it is growing. In all likelihood the neutralist mood over which Lord Russell presides will go on enveloping more and more Britons as months wear on. True, British Minister of Defense Harold Watkinson, speaking on June 1 in London, brandished a cautious nuclear fist at "an aggressor" who might chance to underestimate the willingness of the West to fight a limited war with all the terrible power in its arsenal. But, judging from what we read and hear, England in general appears to be much less enthusiastic than its Defense Minister for such modest displays of brinkmanship.

It now seems probable that some sort of test of free-world resolve will come—relatively soon—in Berlin. How will Great Britain react when Chairman Khrushchev decides that the time has come to force an issue there? Will the sinews be stiffened, the blood summoned up, as they were some years ago before another embattled breach? Possibly, but by no means certainly.

For the climate has changed. Britain's posture is considerably less firm than it used to be. The thing is variously described: as an attitude of "pragmatism and flexibility"; as a reluctance "to draw a line" in Berlin; as an inclination to "await developments" before committing its armed forces to precise military plans to meet the emergency. Undoubtedly reflected in this stance of Her Majesty's Government is a widespread unwillingness of the British people to face the stern demands that cannot be blinked away if the Reds are to be barred from Western Europe. It is understandable, therefore, that when Mr. Kennedy spoke to the nation in his June 6 television report, he had little or nothing to say about the drift of his discussions in London with the Prime Minister.

In his TV address, over and over again, President Kennedy repeated the word "somber" to describe his lengthy conversations with Khrushchev. "Most somber," however, was the expression used to characterize that portion of the Vienna talks that dealt with Germany and Berlin. Obviously, the defense of Berlin (to which the President announced that France is pledged) is a keystone in the Western strategy to keep the peace and preserve freedom. It is in that city, almost without a doubt, that our determination and our defenses will be tested by the Kremlin. As we await that test, which may come as early as October, it might be a good idea for all of us in the English-speaking world to reread a snatch of Shakespeare's *King Henry V*. The curious will find it in Act IV, Scene 3, beginning at line 34.

Boredom in Advertising

ELECTION TO HIGH OFFICE in a professional organization seems to carry with it these days the privilege of sermonizing. Readers may remember that when Leroy Collins, former Governor of Florida, was chosen president of the National Association of Broadcasters, he marked his assumption of power by delivering a crisp but friendly exhortation. Now along comes the newly elected chairman of the Advertising Federation of America, John P. Cunningham, with some admonitory words calculated to keep the profession on its collective toes. The advertising business, he told the 57th annual convention of the AFA, assembled in Washington a fortnight ago, does not have the right "to bore the blazes out of 170 million Americans." Hammering his point home in the repetitive manner familiar to the delegates, Mr. Cunningham continued:

We must always remember that the right to advertise does not carry with it the right to deceive, the right to misinform and, above all today, it doesn't include the right to bore.

It just so happened that only a few days after reading—and mentally cheering—Mr. Cunningham's admonition, we came across some references to a controversy within the profession over the place of humor in the advertising trade. It appears that a gentleman named Stan Freberg, head of a West Coast agency called Freberg, Inc., is giving the industry a bad case of jit-

ters. Using as his motto *Ars Gratia Pecuniae* (art for the sake of money), Mr. Freberg contends that a chuckle not only pleases the audience but pays off in sales. This is anathema to what he calls the "gastro-intestinal school of advertising"—the school that everlastingly hammers away at the prospect and features the hard sell. According to Robert Alden, writing in the *New York Times* for June 4, both schools have proved that they can sell and the controversy between them may never be settled. For our money, however, viewing a Bert and Harry Piel advertisement is less boring than watching "arrows running around people's stomachs" or listening to reiterated nonsense about filters that really filter and yet "let the flavor through."

It could be that some fairly harsh remarks of Christopher Hollis in *Christianity and Economics*, a recent and valuable addition to the Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism, may not be without pertinence to this controversy. Writes Mr. Hollis:

Insofar as the advertiser is concerned merely to inform the public what goods are available, and informs it in a reasonably attractive manner, his is a legitimate activity. . . . Insofar as he is concerned with persuading people to buy goods that he knows they do not really want, or which he does not care whether they really want or not, his activities are not Christian activities.

Not all Catholic moralists would agree that this is a balanced and exhaustive statement of the ethics of advertising. Whether or not it is, however, we have a suspicion that advertising which contents itself with informing in an agreeable and even witty way is much less apt to bore potential customers than the gastrointestinal approach. For what it is worth, we offer the suggestion to Mr. Cunningham and all the brothers up and down Madison Avenue.

A Public Purpose

ONE COMMON OBJECTION to Federal aid for parochial schools runs as follows: Parochial schools exist to serve the purposes of the Church. Therefore they do not serve a public purpose. Therefore they do not deserve public support.

We may expect to hear this argument over and over again when amendments to the National Defense Education Act are debated in Congress in the near future. Proposed amendments to the NDEA would authorize government loans to private elementary and secondary schools for construction of buildings in which science, mathematics and foreign languages would be taught. In our opinion, Congress ought to authorize these loans, even to parochial schools, precisely because they serve a public purpose.

To foster and aid education is certainly a public purpose. A modern democratic society cannot function without an educated citizenry. Indeed, the level of education which American democracy needs is rising. As the need for educated citizens increases, it is inevitable that government—on one level or another—will assume

more and more responsibility for making education available to all who can profit by it.

But we should never admit that because the state has a legitimate and necessary interest in education, therefore education is simply a function of the state. Rather it is a social function in which the family, the churches and the state all share.

Nor can we agree that only a secular education achieves the public purpose which the state exists to serve. It is true that the state, as a secular institution, is concerned only with the secular content of education. But the state has no more interest in promoting a purely secular education than it has in promoting Christian education or any other kind of schooling.

So long as the education which a school gives is a complete education and meets the academic standards which the state has a right to set, it serves a public purpose. Any recognized and accredited school turns out educated citizens who are equipped to do the work of society: and *this is the public purpose in education.*

A parochial school also serves another purpose, namely, religious instruction and the formation of character on religious principles. But that is no ground for discriminating against it in giving governmental aid to education. Science and mathematics do not cease to be useful to the public merely because a nun teaches these subjects in a parochial school.

The government, after all, is supposed to be neutral in matters of religion. The First Amendment did not disestablish religion in order to establish secularism. We are not committed by the Constitution to irreligion but to religious freedom and equality for all citizens alike.

A pluralist society, therefore, is free to achieve its public purposes pluralistically. It is not contrary to the genius of our free society to give public support to different kinds of education in furthering the public purpose of producing an intelligent, informed and moral citizenry.

The true contrary of the principle of freedom was illustrated June 7 by a decree of the Castro regime in Cuba nationalizing all schools. "Education is a public function," the decree declared, and belongs exclusively to the state. Our Congress should surely reject that idea in its aid-to-education policy.

A Reverie on Motives

"LET'S GET Christian positions up to a Christian level," said Rev. Norman Vincent Peale. Manhattan's positive preacher was scoring Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike for a seeming lapse into negative moralism: opposition to racism on the ground that it will lose us the support of uncommitted nations. "Christians should oppose discrimination for only one reason—because it is morally wrong."

We do not wish to get caught in any cross fire between East and West Coast Protestantism. But where there is talk of motives, perhaps it is possible to qualify Peale without prejudice to Pike.

Among natural motives for pursuing a moral good,

it is impossible to find one that is loftier than love of duty or respect for abstract right. This is the ethical commitment par excellence—and it is not one jot superior to the noblest ideals that inspired pagan Aristotle and Plato.

But the level of Christian goodness flows far above the stream of naturalism, and its headwaters spring not so much from law and obligation as from personal love. For the best of all motives and the one that elevates ethical goodness to the height of Christian charity is the love of God above all things. Supernatural charity is the motive that characterizes the saint. It is the very touchstone of what ascetical writers call purity of intention. Moreover, it is difficult to achieve; for in the context of human living, God has made love of our neighbor the practical test of our love of Him. Is there any more concrete challenge to the sincerity of our love of God than that which lurks behind the clumsy word "nondiscrimination," implying as it does for the Christian a love of "all God's chillun" in all their varied hues? And yet, "if anyone says, 'I love God,' and hates his brother, he is a liar."

On the other hand, making prudent assessment of human frailty and malice, we do not always urge good action in the name of abstract right or of divine charity, especially when we fear that these motives will fail to move the human will to a desired or commanded goal. We are more likely to spur action by a variety of motives, some high, some low, but presumably all of them good; and among them we will wisely include enlightened self-interest, because it is an effective means of securing the right moral choice against the perverse clamor of pride and passion.

A practical proof of this? Consider the moral dictate in the park. It says, "Keep Off the Grass." The fine print, alas, makes no ethical appeal and blandly ignores the Gospel. It simply reads, "Penalty for violation, five days or \$50." The threat of painful sanction is the backstop of law, the last barrier of righteousness against the wild balls thrown by errant humanity.

Enlightened self-interest may seem to be a very ignoble means of leading man, "a being darkly wise and rudely great," to the performance of good. If so, the Preacher of Galilee must bear the onus. He often struck the note of enlightened self-interest with its harmonics of fear and dread. He did so in that vision of the Last Judgment between the sheep and the goats which has such an intimate bearing on racial justice and charity. The air of that story is little redolent of the barnyard, but it fairly reeks of fire and brimstone. In fact, to extend the lesson of the Gospel a bit, it is the very glow of the grim fires below that enables us to discern the face of Christ in every neighbor, whether He comes to us white and thirsty, black and hungry, sick and yellow or naked and brown.

To conclude. We agree with Dr. Peale that racism is a "diabolical, damnable thing." But we cannot rely solely on elevated motives to extirpate it from the earth. Reasonable self-interest is also a tool of justice and charity, perhaps a necessary one for stubborn human nature.

God Bless America!

George H. Dunne

ROME, MAY 23—This is one of those days which make one proud to be an American. "The Stars and Stripes Forever. . . DA DA-DA-DA DA-DA-DA." "God bless America, land that I love." "Columbia, the gem of the ocean." Land of the free and home of the brave! You can see the Statue of Liberty standing there welcoming to her shore—urging them to come—the poor, the outcast, of every color, land and creed. The melting pot of the world! Irish and English, French and Germans, Dutch and Indonesians, Algerians, Liberians, Laotians, Cambodians, Burmese and Vietnamese. "Send me your poor from every land!" What a proud boast. You can hear the bands playing, the crowds cheering; see the flags flying, the orators orating. "God bless America, my home sweet home!" This is a day to make an American hold his head high and step out lively, conscious of the eyes of the world upon him.

The eyes of the world are upon him. You know it from the moment you step out the front door here in Rome. There is the story in every paper; the great black headlines screaming from every *chiosco*; the photographs on every front page, arresting the eye, making the heart beat faster, thrusting the proud American chin up higher. Oh, it's a great day to be an American! Not just in *L'Unità*, the Communist paper; but in *Il Messaggero*, the middle-of-the-road paper, and in *Tempo*, the right-of-center paper, and in *Il Popolo*, the Christian Democratic paper, and in *Il Quotidiano*, the Catholic Action paper, and in *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican City paper. Not just in the papers in Rome and in Italy, but in the papers in France and in Germany and in Spain and in Portugal, the papers all over Europe, the papers all over the world—rejoicing our enemies, dismaying our friends, alienating the undecided.

Let the Russians boast of their sputniks and their shots around the moon and their astronauts circling the globe. Cheap publicity stunts! Propaganda flares! When it comes to capturing headlines, Americans can give them hearts and spades and beat them every time. Look at those headlines: RACE RIOTS IN ALABAMA! . . .

From the Eternal City, where he is engaged in historical research, FR. DUNNE, S.J., tells how it feels to read the news from back home the morning after a race riot in Alabama. In seven consecutive issues in June and July, 1949, AMERICA published what was later to become Fr. Dunne's widely acclaimed pamphlet, Religion and American Democracy: A Reply to Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power."

WHITE MOB ASSAULTS BUSLOAD OF NEGRO AND WHITE YOUTHS. . . . TWO GIRLS AMONG INJURED TAKEN TO HOSPITAL. Thank God, that vaunted Southern chivalry lives on, come hell, high water or the day of doom!

Look at those great photographs! A young white man, blood streaming down his face, dyeing his white shirt red. Red, white and blue! Oh, it's a grand thing to be an American! He'd been riding around the country in the Freedom Bus with this crowd of young colored people, being a friend. Well, that'll show him. That'll show the world how red-, white- and blue-blooded Americans handle that kind of thing. Look at this other picture! A young Negro man knocked to the sidewalk and three big, tough Alabama cops closing in to grab him and give him the works. That should teach those Baluba tribesmen down in the Congo a thing or two. They think they're primitives. It'll take them a few hundred years to catch up with us. They don't even know what being primitive means. Look at this picture here. Brave, frightened Negroes watching the long wakeful night hours through, besieged in a church by a howling mob of whites outside. A young woman, face contorted by sobs, broken up, broken to pieces by the pounding waves of hatred beating in through the windows, through the doors, through the walls.

I know what she feels, the tearing sickness of feeling yourself hated for nothing that you have done or could undo, but only for what you are. I stood on a debating platform once in Boston and felt waves of hatred coming up at me out of the audience. They came from only part of the audience, a small part, from two or three hundred people who hated me because of what I was—a Catholic and a priest defending the Catholicism they hated. Nothing I could say or do could reach them or touch their hearts or stop those waves of hatred which were tangible, which I could feel and almost taste. When it was over, I went back to New York and into a hotel and was sick. I was sick for three days. So I know what makes this girl sob her heart out. Mine, however, was an isolated, single experience. She has had to live with hatred all her life, surrounded by it, engulfed by it, and tonight it howls about this church where she is at bay.

Yes, sir, those Communists think they are real good haters. "Imperialists," they call us. "Capitalists." Sticks and stones. We can give anybody lessons in hate. Remember those magnificent pictures a few months back that made the newspapers all over the world? Those New Orleans housewives, good solid American housewives, their faces grotesquely contorted with hate, screaming epithets at a bewildered little Negro child

and her quietly courageous father? There was an orgasm of hate that even Hitler might have envied.

We have erected and maintained for a hundred years a segregated social system based upon hatred; hatred and pride, a (literally) God-damned pride in the whiteness of our own skin. A kind of skinolatry. That's what it means to be an American. Always out there in front. Firstest with the bestest. Maybe not in sputniks, shots to the moons, men in orbit, but first in the things that count, the things that *really* make the world sit up and take notice.

"There's a great day a-comin'." Yes sir, today is one of those great days, a come-and-get-it day. A day when it feels great to be an American.

Feels great to be a Catholic, too. Associated with those Catholic racists in New Orleans—frequenters of the sacraments, the papers said—who keep the fires of hatred burning bright. "Keep the home fires burning." Great to be a priest, along with those priests who encouraged their racist friends to defy their Archbishop and who quietly sabotaged his efforts to destroy the white-skinned calf in his own diocese.

A day indeed for a Catholic to be proud. A day for all Christians to be proud. For Alabama, like Mississippi, like Georgia, like all of the Deep South, is God-fearing, go-to-meeting country. You may be sure most of that howling mob besieging the church and trying to set it on fire to make a holocaust to the Lord of those who huddled within will be in their own Baptist and Methodist and Evangelical churches next Sunday, piously and proudly shouting their Christian hymns.

Some years ago a Jesuit missionary, after twenty-five years in India, said to me: "Stay in America and fight racial segregation. You can do more for the missions and for the cause of freedom that way than by returning to China, because the example of racial segregation in America is the biggest obstacle we have to overcome in trying to sell people on the merits of both Christianity and democracy."

We were looking out the window upon a Marian procession of young college men and women, of surpliced priests, and a resplendently robed bishop. "As long as they can gather a few hundred well-scrubbed boys and pretty girls to walk in a procession carrying banners on a sunny day, they think God's in His heaven and all's right with the world," he said. "And all the time the earth is crumbling beneath their feet."

Since that day China has gone, Eastern Europe has gone, Southeast Asia is tottering, Africa is threatening, Latin America is in doubt. And we still talk about "prudence" and "gradualism" and reduce to silence the voice that is raised in warning or in protest and say we must tread quietly here and walk softly there.

But this is such a complicated question! As complicated as charity. No doubt Christianity has become quite complicated. But the essence of the Christian way of life remains as simple as Christ said it was: love of God and love of neighbor, summing up all of the law and all of the prophets. And unless we have this, we do nothing more than tinkle the brass and sound the cymbals. Love is a hard saying and, because

in two thousand years we have not learned to practice it, the thunder gathers on the left while we sing our pious hymns and walk in pleasant processions.

But enough of these melancholy thoughts. This is a day to exult in. Unfurl the flags! Strike up the bands! Thrust our your chests! Lift up your chins! "I pledge allegiance to the flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with (come on now, shout it out) liberty and justice FOR ALL!" That's it! Now all together: "God bless America, land that I love . . . From the mountains, to the ocean. . . ." Hold it! Hold it! Wait a minute! How did that nigger back there get in? Ushers! grab that jigaboo and throw him out on his ear. . . . That's the way to do it. Wait'll *those* pictures hit the papers. That'll make them sit up and take notice. Now—let's hear *EVERYBODY* join in. "Onward, Christian soldiers, DA, DA, DA, DA, DA. . . ."

Freedom Now

I ASKED a young Freedom Rider in New Orleans last week: "How long have you felt the way you do now?" She smiled politely at the simplicity of my question. "Why, ever since I realized I was a Negro and was treated as something different."

Some thirty faculty members—priest, religious and lay—in New Orleans's two Catholic universities gave a variety of answers to my questions. Almost unanimously, they felt that the Freedom Rides were a good and probably a necessary thing. "Thank God," said one, "these youngsters aren't throwing bombs!" There was some division on the matter of timing: was this the best step here and now, or would it set interracial progress back? However, such division as existed followed lines of age, not race.

When I spoke to Negro university students, no difference of opinion could be found. It was always: "How much longer do we have to wait to be treated as human beings?" I asked about gradualism. "Our grandparents could wait a hundred years. We can't. We *have* to act." What had brought the change about? "It's simple. We read the same books as other Catholic Americans—St. Thomas, the Constitution, Lincoln. We want the same things. No more, no less." Had the explosion in Africa affected them? "Of course. At last we could feel that we didn't have to have white blood to want freedom and even to die for it."

With no pose or trace of braggadocio, one of them said quietly: "I don't want to get killed, but I will go on protesting even if it does mean I get killed." He had spent time in jail for taking part in a sit-in and had been beaten by an Alabama mob. His buddy nodded and explained: "We don't want freedom in 1963. We want it in 1961."

C. J. McNASPY

Two Americans Abroad

Donald R. Campion

VIENNA—It's uncanny how you keep running into people in Europe! Just the other day, for instance, I glimpsed young Mrs. Kennedy (of the Hyannisport Kennedys, that is) driving away from the Quai d'Orsay. Then, sure enough, the first car we met in Vienna, as the taxi drove from the railroad station down the Marienhilferstrasse, was carrying the First Lady to visit a porcelainware factory. After this coincidence, it was no surprise to see the Kennedys sitting two pews in front of me at the nine o'clock Mass in St. Stephen's Cathedral the next morning.

(To tell the truth, it took a bit of doing to arrange some of this crisscrossing, except for the chance meeting on the Marienhilferstrasse. That time, in fact, I would never have known who was passing if my Viennese cab-driver had not let out a shout of "Jackie," and started to wave frantically at the other car. To get a seat in the Cathedral on Sunday, however, one had to know at least an Austrian cabinet minister—or, better yet, have a friend who is on a first-name basis with the sacristan.)

Once they took their places in the front pew on the left in the Stephansdom, the President and his wife looked for all the world like thousands of other young couples who knelt that morning in churches all over the United States. It would be the rare couple, however, who found themselves marching down the aisle with a Cardinal Archbishop in front of them, and the famous Vienna Boys' Choir waiting to sing sacred music during the Mass.

(One couldn't help wondering, as the lines "quia tu creasti nos, et redemisti nos sanguine tuo" soared through St. Stephen's nave, whether even the town's other prominent visitor could have failed to respond to the magic power of this unexcelled combination of spiritual sentiment, unearthly music and the pure voices of the choir. What a stillness must be evoked, even in a dialectical materialist's soul, at such a moment!)

Then, too, it might have done Chairman Khrushchev some good to have meditated on the closing words of the Epistle read at the Mass for the Second Sunday after Pentecost. This selection from the First Epistle of St. John closed with an exhortation that love be manifested—as Msgr. Ronald Knox translates it for us—"by the true test of action, not by taking phrases on our

lips." Surely here was an apt text to preface a day's discussion of topics such as a cease-fire in Laos, effective control of disarmament, or a truce on nuclear-weapons testing.

Whether Mr. Kennedy found food for thought in St. John's message is something only he can disclose. There can be no question, however, but that his reverent attendance at divine services on Sunday morning stirred considerable thought and conversation among a vast body of Austrians.

One felt, in a sense, that this simple act conveyed a message that mere words and stirring rhetoric could never fully express. We of the New World must never forget that our European allies and friends, whether living in freedom or servitude, have long memories. Vienna, they quickly tell the new visitor, long ago marked the point of furthest advance by Turkish hordes. At that time, another John, Sobieski of Poland, came forth with the leadership needed to turn the foe back. For many, then, the sight of this trim, erect figure, kneeling motionless in St. Stephen's historic cathedral, brought to mind in a unique way the ties that link this new captain from a distant land with the age-old traditions for which great heroes had fought so valiantly in the past.

Of course, the President was not the only American under close scrutiny in Vienna over the weekend of June 3-4. Mr. Kennedy himself had opened his remarks at a press luncheon of June 2, at the Palais Chaillot, by introducing himself as "the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris." Certainly, a casual reader of French newspapers might have been pardoned for wondering which visitor's presence meant more to France. Vienna, too, never a city to let the charms of a beautiful and winning woman pass unnoticed, gave America's First Lady its enraptured acclaim.

Both President and Mrs. Kennedy demonstrated a remarkably effective appeal to the young everywhere. The reception accorded them on their entrance into Paris had about it the feverish air one had grown to associate with the reaction of young crowds to candidate Kennedy during the past Presidential campaign. How else to describe a crowd on the Boulevard St. Michel chanting "Kenné-un! Kenné-deux!—Kenné-dix!" as the President moved by in his convertible and flashed a smile at one and all?

Bit by bit, the older citizens also gave signs of melting before what General de Gaulle hailed as "the intelligence and vigor" of the President and the "charm" of his wife. The city itself, needless to say, put on a mag-

FR. CAMPION, S.J., an associate editor, has set up his typewriter in Western Europe during a four-month leave of absence from New York.

nificent show. Despite the rain and cloudy weather that hung over Paris from Wednesday afternoon on, the American flag blossomed out everywhere. Even the most jaded expatriate on the Left Bank must have felt a faint twinge of patriotic pride in his chest at the sight of a gigantic star-spangled banner billowing in the breeze of the Place de la Concorde alongside an equally massive Tricolor.

But in addition to the official pageantry—Republican Guards on horseback lent a shockingly regal, though delightfully elegant touch to the ceremonial comings and goings of the leaders of our two great democracies—there were personal touches that demonstrated some measure of Mr. Kennedy's impact on areas of French public opinion other than the bobby-soxed or bearded university set.

Take, for instance, the toast tendered to the President by General de Gaulle at the state dinner in the Palais de l'Élysée. No one who appreciates the French statesman's legendary control of words can question the respect he intended to display by his remarks. It seemed, indeed, that evening, as though the older man had recognized in his junior associate some of the qualities he enumerated years before—in 1932, to be exact—in one of his own books, *Le fil de l'épée*.

The man of action, de Gaulle then said, must have his measure of egoism, pride, toughness and wile. But he must also possess—and here the writer surely described himself—a hidden but burning desire to play a part in events which allow scope for the greatest talents. In the last analysis, the then young de Gaulle concluded, nothing great is accomplished save by great men, and these become great because of their desire to excel.

IF IT WAS difficult to discover what actually took place in the private meetings between de Gaulle and Kennedy, the task became impossible when you turned to the meeting in Vienna. At five-thirty on Sunday afternoon, June 4, fifteen hundred or more journalists from all over the world crowded into the vast Festsaal of the far vaster Hofburg, the former Austrian Imperial Palace here. The occasion was the final press briefing on the encounter between the President of the United States and the Premier of the Soviet Union.

It proved to be an exercise in frustration for practically everyone present except Pierre Salinger, press secretary to Kennedy, and his opposite number in the Khrushchev party, Mikhail Kharlamov. In several languages—everyone in the hall had his own portable headphone for simultaneous translation of questions and answers into English, Russian or German—and with all the skill and persistence of their profession, the correspondents tried to penetrate the veil of words woven in the joint communiqué issued by the two press secretaries. Probably the only result achieved was the clarification of a remark made by Mr. Kharlamov in the preceding day's briefing. He had then described (or so the translator told us) the first day's session as "fruitful." Actually, as Mr. Kharlamov was now at pains to make clear, he had meant that he thought the talks were

"useful." Of such distinctions is history now made at Vienna!

More than once, reporters noted a serious expression on Khrushchev's face as he parted from Kennedy at the close of a conversation. Nothing in Kennedy's manner either, during the two days, would lead one to believe that he had come to Vienna simply to have a little whipped cream in his coffee, or to go for a ride on the famous ferris wheel in the Prater, the city's equivalent of Central Park. Each man obviously had many things on his mind, not the least being an effort to take the measure of his counterpart.

What did the Vienna meeting accomplish? Only subsequent events and the words of the principals involved can provide any valid answer to that question. The communiqué issued by Messrs. Salinger and Kharlamov on Sunday afternoon did mention a few of the topics taken up by the two men in the course of their 12 hours of conversation.

Specifically, it noted their joint recognition of the importance of an effective cease-fire in Laos. It spoke, also, of an agreement to maintain contact on questions of interest at various levels. Mr. Salinger, under further questioning, translated that phrase to include future meetings between Secretary of State Rusk and Foreign Minister Gromyko. Try as one might (and more than one reporter did), no word of confirmation or denial could be wrested from the press secretaries on the rumor that Khrushchev had invited Kennedy to visit Russia.

There seems no reason to suppose that Mr. Kennedy's knees shook at any time during the course of his dialogue with the USSR Chairman. It is equally improbable that Khrushchev grew faint in the course of the meeting. Again, as in Paris, the Kennedy trip must be judged not so much in terms of who conquered whom. Its meaning was that it served to acquaint our President with the leader of another great power and in turn to introduce Khrushchev to the Kennedy style and philosophy. In a day when more and more people are concerned lest a war come about through unintentional misunderstanding between the great powers, such a result—meager though it may appear—is not to be despised.

It seems probable, in fact, that this result looms largest of all in the eyes of many informed people around the globe. As J.-J. Servan-Schreiber, certainly no warm friend of the United States, put it in a recent editorial in *L'Express*, "this young man who is in Paris today, and who will be in Vienna tomorrow, carries with him our hope and holds our fate in his hands."

Like it or not—and odds are the *L'Express* doesn't like it at all—in confronting Khrushchev, Kennedy is their man and he must succeed. It was this sentiment, too, which evoked from Servan-Schreiber the otherwise startling caption over his piece, "*Vive L'Amérique!*" No one who walked down any street in Vienna this past weekend had any doubt that the phrase was echoed here, and echoed a thousand times over. One can only hope that in the months ahead American leadership measures up to the expectations it aroused.

BOOKS

FERMENT IN HISTORICAL THOUGHT

RECONSIDERATIONS: A Study of History, Vol. XII
By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford U. Press.
740p. \$10

THE INTENT OF TOYNBEE'S HISTORY
Ed. by Edward T. Gargan. Loyola U. Press.
224p. \$5

THE LAST volume of Toynbee's *A Study of History* is "a report of second thoughts" on matters dealt with in the first ten volumes. The author found it necessary to reconsider his position on various subjects for two reasons. First, new evidence has been discovered since he began to publish his work in 1934 and, second, he has been criticized for his methodology, his plan of inquiry and for the position he took on various historical questions.

Most of the important new evidence dealing with the origin and growth of civilizations consists of archeological findings of the last twenty-five years. Toynbee revises some of his conclusions in the light of these findings. Recent history has given him a somewhat different perspective on the meaning of events in Western civilization, and developments in such other disciplines as psychology cause him to modify his explanation of quite a few historical problems.

More important in prompting Toynbee's *Reconsiderations* is the vast critical literature which has grown up around the first ten volumes. Critics range from warm admirers to those who are emotionally unfriendly. To them all Toynbee expresses gratitude, but states that he found most helpful those who were severe without being personally hostile. His attitude is well expressed in the quotation from *Proverbs* on the title page: "He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul, but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding."

Some critics condemned Toynbee for changing his position as he progressed in the first ten volumes of the *Study*. To these he replies that he has no intention of maintaining every previous position he had taken, that "man's quest is really an attempt to probe to the heart of the mystery of the universe, and I do not believe that human beings can attain that goal in this life." He therefore reserves the right to change his position

on topics discussed in this present volume.

The most impressive quality of this volume is the candor, humility and flexible toughness with which Toynbee handles criticism. On some matters he confesses he was wrong. Thus, in the light of recent archeological discoveries and observations of his critics, he draws up a new list of civilizations. On some matters he believes he was misunderstood by his critics because of his own poor presentation of the argument. Here he restates his position with clarification and explicit statement of modifications he assumed the reader understood. On other matters, as on the philosophical equivalence of civilizations, he refuses to change his mind.

Among the more important topics on which Toynbee refuses to alter his position are his views of Zionism, the uniqueness of Western civilization, and the theological equivalence of the so-called higher religions. Despite bitter criticism, he concludes that "on reconsideration, I do not find that I have changed my view of Zionism," that it differs little from nazism, but concedes: "I do think it may be true that the vehemence of my condemnation of Zionism has been out of proportion to the magnitude of Zionism's guilt." Toynbee continues to hold that the West has been a perpetual aggressor throughout history, and that its arrogant assumption of uniqueness is unfounded. He also continues to hold that the so-called higher religions are equally good ways of worshipping God.

THIS VOLUME ends by offering the world a choice of two futures. One is that of the ant hill, brought about by mechanization and the depersonalization of society. The other is a community of saints, which Toynbee optimistically holds is neither as impossible nor as difficult as most people believe.

As was true of the first ten volumes, *Reconsiderations* has the incidental value of abounding in wise observations and reflections. Typical is the remark about behavior in institutionalized channels:

As committeemen we accept, and even propose, enormities that we would never commit as human beings. On committees we behave more callously, meanly and irresponsibly than we behave as indi-

viduals; and, in this ugly feature, committees are characteristic of all institutions.

The nine essays in the second volume are a co-operative effort to appraise Toynbee's *A Study of History*. They are the result of a colloquium held six years ago under the auspices of the History Department of Loyola University in Chicago. They are capably edited by Dr. Gargan, who also contributes a helpful introduction to put the *Study* in historical perspective. Toynbee writes in his preface to this volume that "the nine appraisals in the present book are some of the most valuable and constructive of all the critiques that I have received," and he makes considerable use of them in his *Reconsiderations*.

The essays are uneven in quality, partly because of the authors and partly because of the topics discussed. Those which deal with specific areas, such as Toynbee's treatment of Greece or Islam or the United States, are rather barren, whereas those which inquire into his basic assumptions or his search for truth are most valuable. Contributors include William H. McNeill, Friedrich Engel-Janosi, the late David M. Robinson, Hans Kohn, Matthew A. Fitzsimons, Eric Voegelin and Oscar Halecki.

The basic defect underlying the poor essays is that the authors ignore what Toynbee tried to do in his *Study*. He is condemned for not having written an adequate history of Greece, for example, when this was not his purpose at all. Toynbee has explained carefully that he did not try to write history, but rather to write about it. In the worst essay in the volume, the late Prof. Robinson, apparently missing the point that Toynbee was not writing the history of Greece, condemns him for not using various authors and sources, especially Robinson.

The two best essays are by McNeill and Voegelin. The former sees the value of Toynbee's having "boldly over-ridden the conventional boundaries between specialisms in the field of history" and connecting "his studies of history with ultimate philosophical and theological questions." Voegelin is sensitively aware of Toynbee's search through history for truth and he understands his shifting point of view. He concludes: "Toynbee does not reach this goal of the love of God, but stops short at a sensitive spiritualist's and an historical connoisseur's sympathy with religions."

The essays by McNeill, Voegelin, Kohn, Engel-Janosi, Hardy and Halecki make this a valuable study of Toynbee's *A Study of History*.

THOMAS P. NEILL

America • JUNE 17, 1961

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P. NEILL

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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

E-88

LAS Arts and Sciences	MT Medical Technology
A Architecture	M Medicine
AE Adult Education	Mu Music
C Commerce	N Nursing
D Dentistry	P Pharmacy
DH Dental Hygiene	PT Physical Therapy
Ed Education	RT Radio-TV
E Engineering	S Social Work
FS Foreign Service	Sc Science
G Graduate School	SF Sister Formation
HS Home Study	Sy Seismology Station
ILL Institute of Languages and Linguistics	Sp Speech
IR Industrial Relations	T Theatre
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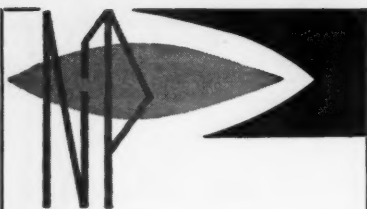
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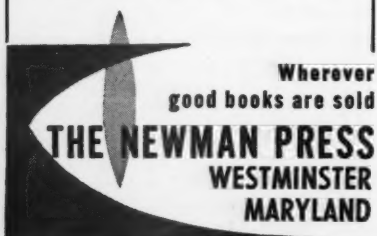
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RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN

By George F. Kennan. Little, Brown. 411p. \$5.75

In our age and society, in which ambitious amateurs without knowledge, wisdom and responsibility too often invade the fields of diplomacy and scholarship, it is a pleasant task to salute a book on diplomacy written by a brilliant diplomat and an accomplished scholar.

There are, besides, two additional reasons for rejoicing. This new book on Soviet relations with the West belongs to the pen of a lifelong student of Russia who himself made an important contribution to the shaping of these relations; and it is the work of an author for whom simplicity of language and elegance of style are a creed.

With great insight and a sure touch, Kennan separates the fundamental from the trivial and accidental, and proceeds to discuss Soviet foreign policy toward the West around a number of significant themes. He effectively destroys a series of Soviet myths concerning Western policies toward the Soviet Union, and then subjects Western diplomacy itself to a devastating scrutiny and criticism. Kennan has actually written a history of Western diplomacy toward Russia while discussing Soviet diplomacy toward the West. In the process he is able to define his own attitude on coalitions, summit diplomacy, reparations, foreign-aid programs and the recognition of hostile governments.

Kennan's account is both distinctly personal, when he evaluates and judges motives and personalities, and painstakingly objective, when he reconstructs events or interprets them. His miniatures of Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Hitler and Stalin are as accurate and lifelike as are his accounts of Rapallo, Brest-Litovsk, Versailles and the Hitler-Stalin pact. Having placed in proper perspective the disunity, ignorance of things Russian and lack of clear and effective objectives toward the Soviet Union on the part of the Western allies on the one hand, and the hostility, aggressiveness, duplicity and assorted ideological assumptions of the Soviet Union toward the West on the other hand, Kennan warns us against the danger of viewing the present East-West conflict in terms of moral absolutes. The author rejects the pursuit of absolutes in any form in world affairs: absolute security, absolute amity, absolute enmity, absolute harmony. It is in the domain of policy making, in his suggestions and warnings, that Kennan's book retains all the flavor of controversy which made

him famous ever since his July, 1947 article signed with an "X."

Russia and the West brings to a worthy conclusion the work at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study of our new Ambassador to Yugoslavia.

SERGE L. LEVITSKY

THE MOVIEGOER

By Walker Percy. Knopf. 242p. \$3.95

New Orleans during the week of Mardi Gras provides the setting of this compelling novel, and let it be said immediately that one of the most attractive elements in the whole story is the wonderful evocation of the spirit of time and place. This, we feel, is New Orleans, and not merely the city of today, preparing for this year's carnival, but the gracious town that still enshrines the best of the virtues of the Old South.

But this is in no sense a nostalgic novel. It does look back to the past but only to throw light (and considerable warmth) on the problems of the present. The problems focus in the character of Binx Bolling, scion of an old family, thirty years of age, successful in business and quite a hand with the ladies, but bewilderedly at sea about what he wants from life. He is—and says it time and again—constantly engaged in a search, but he doesn't know what he is looking for. The best approximation he can make is that he is trying to find an antidote for the "ordinariness," the "everydayness," of life. He thinks he finds a clue in the movies, and he haunts them night after night.

All the time, however, and though he does not suspect it, ordinary life is closing in upon him in the shape of the responsibility he assumes at the end of the story when he announces his marriage to a cousin-by-marriage who is on the way back from a serious mental breakdown. One of the catalytic agents in Binx's facing up to responsibility is the beautiful character of his spastic little half-brother who shows a simple and rock-firm grip on spiritual principles in the brief span of his life.

This is a beautifully understated novel; the writing is firm, sensitive, allusive. There are no "solutions" to problems, but there is a continual unshouted statement running throughout that to be a man, to be human, means to face responsibility. This is what Binx comes to recognize as the search upon which he had longed at least to start. He does start at the book's end, and we cannot help but gather that he will go far in realizing the best of the traditions in which he had been raised.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

July, 1947

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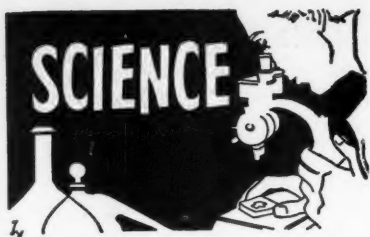
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GARDINER

17, 1961



Gagarin's Epic Flight

I ONCE held a low opinion of Soviet science and technology. That was in the postwar years when Stalin's propaganda teams were trying to corner the market on invention and discovery. No matter whether it was radar or relativity, virus or vitamins, a priority claim was put forth for some Russian Kilroy. The Kremlin stopped just short of pretending that it was a Russian who had invented the wheel and discovered the uses of fire.

Naturally, my delusions about Soviet competence in science got a rude jolt when the first sputnik went into orbit on Oct. 4, 1957. Even so, I was not fully prepared to acknowledge the dramatic progress of Russian rocketry when Lunik III sped out in space exactly two years later. The idea of a rocket taking snapshots of the far side of the moon and then transmitting the results back to earth seemed fantastically improbable. I was much tempted to regard the lunik feat as a gigantic hoax foisted on a gullible world. The temptation was still strong some months later, when the USSR released the first photograph of the far side of the moon to the world: the picture was heavily retouched, and looked suspiciously like an imaginary map of the unknown side of the moon that had appeared in a *Scientific American* ad a year before.

Of course, my original misgivings have been cleared up by now. Western scientists now have available many reproductions of the best pictures secured by Lunik III, together with the identification and description of 498 lunar features provided by Soviet studies. The Russians did just what they claimed for their third moon rocket. Hence, when the first U.S. rocket ambles past the opposite side of our satellite with cameras, it will be on a mission of confirmation. The result will not be an expose of Soviet fakery in space.

These long introductory remarks have an immediate bearing on the mysterious voyage of the *Vostok* on April 12. Was there such a space ship, and was Major Yuri Gagarin in it as it circled the earth?

The Soviet method of handling the flight of the first cosmonaut revived all the doubts and suspicions that accompanied the stories about Lunik III. The flight was preceded by rumors that it was imminent or had already taken place. The event itself was surrounded by most of the usual Russian secrecy on matters that involve rocketry, even though the Russians took the unusual risk of announcing the launching time and the fact that the rocket contained a man, before he had been brought back to earth alive. And when *Tass* began to deluge the world with purported details of the cosmic voyage, the tales were

rife with enough scientific improbabilities and amateurish discrepancies to raise the hackles of the meanest tyro in space lore.

All this led many to suspect that the entire Gagarin feat was a piece of cosmic mummery. People gave thought once more to the old Soviet penchant for lying and fabrication of evidence, and concluded that it was very doubtful that Major Gagarin had been in orbit at all. This unhappy doubt was not unnatural, since the USSR apparently had good reason to fake the whole business. After all, the United States was on the verge of trying to put a man in a true



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A cooperative appraisal

THE INTENT OF TOYNBEE'S HISTORY

Edited by
Edward T. Gargan

Preface by
Arnold J. Toynbee

William H. McNeill
Friedrich Engel-Janosi
David M. Robinson
G. E. von Grunebaum
Hans Kohn
Matthew A. Fitzsimons
Edward Rochie Hardy
Eric Voegelin
Oscar Halecki

"... The nine appraisals in
the present book are some
of the most valuable and
constructive of all the
critiques that I
have received; ..."
Toynbee

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CHICAGO 13

space flight, if only a suborbital one. There was real danger, therefore, lest the United States capture the prestige prize on which the USSR had set enormous value.

Here is no place to review all the difficulties that were created by the accounts of the Gagarin voyage, but I would like to recall some of the highlights.

Readers will remember that although the press was deluged with stories about the *Vostok*, not even the news conference of Major Gagarin revealed anything that was of scientific value. Moscow gave out nothing that could conceivably help the United States meet any of its own problems in our astronaut program.

Then there were the strange improbabilities that filtered out of Moscow. The handsome Yuri had never been above 40,000 feet before this flight. During deceleration he had noted various small objects flying about his cabin. He was said to have soared over South America at a time when it was dynamically impossible for him to have done so (indeed, it is most unlikely that he was over South America at any time).

THE most disturbing of the tales about the major's trip had to do with his return to the ground. Some of them were delicious. One had the major popping out of his recoverable space capsule and landing by parachute. Another told of his stepping out of his cabin and running to the nearest 'phone to summon a staff car: as if the USSR would have taken the risk of having their cosmic Columbus make a landfall among ignorant peasants who might have torn him to pieces, especially after all the furor created in Russia when the pilot of the U-2 dropped unannounced from the sky.

To this day the Soviet Union has released precious little factual information about the Gagarin flight. Neither has it bothered to clear up the difficulties made by its news stories. The full story of Gagarin will not be forthcoming until the USSR has assessed every scientific advantage available from this flight. Even then, the "full" account will contain almost nothing that is useful for study by our own scientists, and everything will be deleted that even remotely bears on the military security of the Soviet Union.

How are we to explain the oddities in the published accounts of the *Vostok*? Only a minute percentage of them can be explained as inaccuracies of translation from the Russian. Neither do I attribute them to mere inaccuracies of



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reporting by Russian journalists; this cannot happen in Russia, where nothing filters through any news medium except what has been sedulously scrutinized by Glavlit, the official news-censoring bureau.

I HAVE a simpler explanation. The stories about Gagarin were not meant to teach but to impress. They were deliberately doctored so as to conceal or distort whatever might have any scientific or military meaning. These accounts were not written by curious reporters who interviewed rocket men on the launching pads. They were composed by propagandists in the Kremlin, who may have had the collaboration of space experts but certainly were not directed by them. In the USSR, not even the space program itself is under the control of scientists; it is under the control of a political committee. The propaganda uses and effects of any feat in space are a prime factor in the administration of that program.

Since Russia could have faked the Gagarin story and obviously spread lies about it, why am I ready to credit the Soviet Union with the prestige of having the first man in space?

For years we have maintained a most elaborate radar network to keep tabs on Soviet rocketry. It functions in Iran, Pakistan, Turkey, the Aleutians and heaven knows where else. It can pick up the launching of missiles and space flights. It can track successes and failures.

This surveillance network probably followed the countdown on Yuri. Almost certainly, the Pentagon knew a good deal about the flight before Gagarin first peeked out of his porthole. Somebody in the White House knew about the launching while the *Vostok* was still over Siberia.

A rocket in orbit doesn't necessarily hold a man. Maybe we monitored the Gagarin flight over the three radio channels he had in his capsule. Anyhow, I feel quite sure our government had every reasonable conviction that the Russians had really put a man in orbit, before the President sent congratulations to the Kremlin.

Don't expect the Administration to confirm what I just said. This business of spying on Soviet rockets is a sensitive area. If Macy's doesn't tell Gimbels, neither are we going to tip our hand on our espionage system, just in order to confirm a big prestige stunt in the Soviet Union.

Two questions remain. Was Gagarin the first Russian to enter space? Was he the first to go into orbit? I think it

America BOOK LOG

June

The Book Log is compiled from monthly reports supplied by selected stores. The ten books mentioned most frequently are rated according to a point system that reflects both a book's popularity and its relative importance.

1. **NOW**
By Fr. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. (Bruce, \$4.25)
2. **TO LIVE IS CHRIST**
By Robert W. Gleason, S.J. (Sheed & Ward, \$3.00)
3. **DR. THOMAS DOOLEY: THREE GREAT BOOKS**
(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$5.00)
4. **THIS IS THE HOLY LAND**
By Fulton J. Sheen (Hawthorn, \$4.95)
5. **THE SACRAMENT OF FREEDOM**
By John B. Sheerin, C.S.P. (Bruce, \$3.50)
6. **A BURNT-OUT CASE**
By Graham Greene (Viking, \$3.95)
7. **THE DIVINE MILIEU**
By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (Harper, \$3.00)
8. **WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS**
By John Courtney Murray, S.J. (Sheed & Ward, \$5.00)
9. **BEFORE HIS FACE**
By Gaston Courtois (Herder & Herder, \$6.50)
10. **THE CRISIS OF WESTERN EDUCATION**
By Christopher Dawson (Sheed & Ward, \$3.95)

AND MARK FOR NOTICE

These outstanding titles merit place in any listing of "what Catholics are or should be reading."

A Journey to Matecumbe, by Robert Lewis Taylor (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95). Set in a post-Civil War period, this is a funny, touching, droll tale of a young 12-year-old boy's adventures on a journey. If it is not quite another Huck Finn, it is still a delight.

The Dark Disciple, by Russell B. Shaw (Doubleday, \$3.95). A quite gripping story of a young college professor whose excess of zeal to convert fellow professors and students is really an obsession to dominate. His stormy apostolate leads finally to a glimmer of humility.

Tselane, by J. Louw van Wijk (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75). A strong novel about family life in Africa and how it was threatened by one of the old tribal barbarities. There is much beauty under the terror.

Rome and the Vernacular, by Angelus A. De Marco, O.F.M. (Newman, \$3.25). This is a fine little book on the question of the use of vernacular languages in liturgical services. The author is not a partisan; he marshals all the facts necessary for intelligent discussion.

King John, by W. L. Warren (Norton, \$6.50). A fine study of the king who is famous for signing the Magna Carta, and a wonderful mirror of the times. The clarity of the style matches the authenticity of the history.

The Life of Faith, by Romano Guardini (Newman, \$2.95). A penetrating study of the psychological side of religion, especially good in its description of how faith acts on different temperaments.

Fiction

General

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unlikely that he was the first man to enter an orbit, and I feel certain he was not the first to experience space flight. Those who want to speculate on these questions will find grist for their thinking machines in the June issue of *True*; the article is entitled "Russian Murders in Outer Space." In my private diary, I list Yuri Gagarin as the first man to survive orbital flight.

L. C. McHUGH



So, then, there is perturbation, where there is slender faith. But where there is perfect love, there all is peace (St. Ambrose, commenting on the Gospel for the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost).

It is important, as we make our way through the uncertain days of our lives, to distinguish carefully between trouble and being troubled. Indeed, we must distinguish further between being troubled and being laid low by trouble.

Nothing and no one can prevent trouble in this weary world. We mortal men are the possessors of minds that can discern impending evil, and spirit, fashioned for all good, that instinctively shrinks from such evil. We have a nervous system that is sharply alert to pain and peril, a heart that can be lacerated, eyes that shed tears. Added to all this, we labor under a dark and sad inheritance, the heritage of original sin with all its sorry consequences both for ourselves and for the world we live in. It is idle, therefore, to talk about avoiding trouble as we pass laboriously from day to day. We will not do it. We cannot do it.

Must we then be either frequently or endlessly troubled in the course of our lives? Yes—and no.

It simply must be recognized that there is a difference between an encounter and a capitulation, between battle and defeat, between feeling pain and yielding to pain. Yes, time and again, between dawn and dark and long after, the heart of man will grow sore, the human nerves will quiver with anguish. But there is more to man than sensibility and nervous system. Even amid suffering the mind of man can and does think; the free spirit, or will, can and does

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adopt this or that posture. A man in agony can yet think of Christ in agony. A man with a cross can remember Christ on a cross. A man facing death can picture Christ facing death.

That is why good St. Ambrose connects *perturbation* with *slender faith*. That is why he associates *peace* with *perfect*, that is, genuine, *love*.

The Ambrosian word which we have translated *peace* is actually not *pax*, but *securitas*. The wise doctor says that those who really love God ought to possess *security*.

Security. St. Ambrose, if he could pay us a visit, would marvel at the currency of this word today.

Insecurity explains everything. People do, or fail to do, all sorts of things because they are insecure. We smoke from morning till night because we are insecure. We drink like fish, for we are insecure. Young people fornicate, dabble in perversion, roam the streets in jungle packs, steal, wantonly destroy both the useful and the beautiful, and occasionally gun down either total strangers or their own parents because, you see, they are insecure. Psychoneurosis flourishes like crab grass; rehabilitating institutions are crowded; the analyst's couch is rarely empty—all by reason of insecurity.

We wonder what Ambrose would think.

Of course, it would be very carefully explained to him that contemporary man lives in a particularly difficult world, that is uncommonly—well, insecure. Perhaps this contention would impress the holy Bishop. On the other hand, he might, out of a deeper wisdom, register a mild protest. He might point out that every age of the world has been insecure because the world is intrinsically damaged, unstable, unreliable, unpredictable and, hence, insecure. He might gently remark what some thoughtful folk of our day would like to shout from the housetops, that in a certain real sense we are *all* insecure. But men and women of the Ambrosian tradition and outlook contrive, nevertheless, to attain a degree, a considerable degree, of solid *securitas*.

How? Through their religion and, specifically, through the three theological virtues. In the passage quoted, St. Ambrose mentions only *faith* and *love*, but the theological virtues always make a package, so that if Christian *faith* and Christian *love* are strong in a Christian heart, Christian hope will be strongly there, too. And what do faith, hope and love add up to? *Security*. Like, security, man.

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

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